

# Iron County Register.

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—THE—

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SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW—TODAY!

The GLOBE PRINTING CO., Publishers  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

### My Two Boys in France.

BY MRS. EFFIE C. REED.

On April 25th, nineteen hundred seventeen,

They kissed me good-bye and started

For lands they had never seen.

Though only children in age,

They were men in thought and deed.

They were the first from our town  
to volunteer

In their country's hour of need.

They heard the cries of the millions

Out across the rolling foam,

Who were being killed and tortured,

Or driven by beasts from home.

They were true Americans, God bless

them,

They heard their country's call.

They pledged allegiance to their flag,

With liberty and justice for all.

They were among the first to unfurl

the flag

Of our own dear red, white and blue

On the sunny shores of war-torn

France,

The first in battle, too.

They went across with Pershing's

men,

They were in the first advance,

They've both been wounded and shed

their blood

On the battlefields of France.

They have fought in the blood-soaked

trenches,

They've been scorched by bursting

shell,

They've breathed the deadly gasses,

The very fumes of hell!

They've seen the dead and dying,

They've heard the wounded cry,

They've encountered the barbed-wire

tangles,

Ever ready to win or die.

My mother heart has suffered all,

With my soldier sons so true,

And I've prayed to God, both day and

night,

That He'd bring them safely throu'.

I've missed their sweet companion-

ship,

The laughter in their glance.

They had gone, but they could not

tell me where,

Except "Somewhere in France."

But, thank God, the conflict is over,

The victory now is won,

I hope they'll soon return to me

With these words: "Our duty well

done."

Then we'll kneel and give thanks to-

gether,

And we'll offer a fervent prayer

For the mothers whose sons will nev-

er come back,

Brave heroes, asleep over there!

Des Arc, Mo., Dec. 19, 1918.

From Private Monty R. Black.

Dear Cousin—I will try sending you a few lines to tell you I am still among the living, and still remember you. I imagine you are somewhat lonely since all the boys are gone away for training, and to France. But since I began to write I recall the fact to mind you are just in it, because

the girls will just make times right for lonesome fellows, since they are so scarce and rare. We never saw a woman for more than a month at a time while on the firing line. Of course when we did see them they were French, and so we couldn't call them dolls, and such things, to cheer them, because they couldn't understand an "honest-to-goodness" language. Well, now I've written enough about the women folks.

Well, how is everything by this time? I wish to hear the mineral prospects are on the boom by this time. I am so far from my outfit I am most sure I'll not get any mail for some time, because I don't know how long I'll be here. And if I notify my clerk to send my mail, I no doubt, would lose it, because I don't know my company address, and a letter would have to go thru the A. H. Q. Department and it would take a note or letter possibly a month to get to my Company clerk. So I suppose I'll not hear from home for a long while.

I don't think we will have to fight any more, but I look to have to stay in Europe for possibly six or eight months as the greatest trouble now will be to persuade German subjects to abide by the terms of the armistice and the peace terms, which I am most certain that Germany will agree to when the time arrives.

You can't imagine how silent everything seems since the guns stopped shooting. Seventy-five days under artillery fire is pretty trying on one's nerves. But I was fortunate it seems. Because shells burst all around me, yet I came out O. K. Much I would not dare write of warfare and battle, yet I suppose I could tell stories which would hold any one of no experience spellbound. For to be sure I've seen enough of modern warfare to do me.

Tell Uncle Jim his advice "to do the thing up quickly" came in due time, but as I read Hettie's letter I just imagined that if he could have been there as I read the letter, so that he could hear those big shells and see them burst so near that he would have thought the idea of the finished job was very distant. My, or the battalion to which my Company was attached was in an awful close place which was well surrounded by boche machine guns, and which presented a very ticklish job, but at the hour of 11 o'clock on the 11th of November everything changed so sudden as if a dream, and in eighteen hours the Germans and Americans were visiting Camps and getting better ideas of what had been the objects of which they were fighting.

I don't know where Arthur's outfit may be, but I am most sure his organization will sail for home before my regiment goes. My organization is now in the third army of the A. E. F., and is somewhere on the German frontier. I am at Controzeville, France. It is a fine little town, 40 or 50

miles south, and a little west of Nancy. I have improved very much since I came to this hospital. I weighed yesterday, and my weight was 174 pounds.

We are having some cold weather to-day.

Well, tell everybody my best regards are for them. Tell the kids I remember them, and that I hope Uncle Jim and Aunt Rebecca do not worry about Monte being away, for he will be greatly benefited through his being in Europe. But if he went to the front, he, I suppose will, no doubt, have much to tell everybody concerning the hardships of war.

The doctor just came in and examined me and said I would be classed as a casual, but said he didn't know where I would be sent to from Controzeville. So I suppose I'll not stay here much longer. Possibly my next journey will be to the German territory.

Well, will close, hoping to hear an answer soon.

Your cousin,  
MONTY R. BLACK.

356 Infantry, M. A. Co., American  
E. F., France.

From George O. Reed.

Dear Home Folks—Just a few lines again this evening to let you know I'm feeling fine. Hope you are all well and O. K.

I have written a lot since I've been here, but didn't expect to stay here long, so didn't write to my Company for my mail, and therefore, I haven't received any mail for more than two months.

Well, I'm thankful for good health and many other things that God has blessed us with, but most of all for the end of this bloody war that we have been engaged in the past eight months.

I'm glad Ed and I came out as well as we did. It's certainly a mystery how we came out alive. There were 8 pairs of brothers in our Company and Ed and I are the only ones left, and both of us were wounded, but only flesh wounds. Ed was wounded in July and I was wounded October 1st, during the last big drive at Verdun, Argonne Forest. Believe me, that was some battle, but we were well paid for it, after all.

During the eighteen months I've been over here this is the first time to be away from my Company. They made the last drive after I was wounded and sent down here, but that's the only thing I've ever missed.

Ed went to an officer's school soon after I went to the Hospital. I guess he'll soon get his commission as Lieutenant. He'll sure make a good one, all right. He has had more real experience than many of them had when they were commissioned.

Well, we fellows here are expecting to leave this place any day but don't know just when nor where. But there is strong talk of sending us back home. I surely hope so, anyway, because the war is over and that's all I enlisted for, was the duration of war.

Say, folks, if you can get a copy of the Stars and Stripes dated October 29th, that gives the full details of the big battle we had then and it is sure interesting. The Stars and Stripes is published weekly over here by and for the soldiers of the A. E. F. I had a copy of that date to send home, and loaned it to a fellow and it got misplaced.

Well, it's all over with now and I guess it will be more interesting to hear us tell about it than to read it. I don't guess it will be a great while till most of us will be sent home; hope not anyway. I am still at Base Hospital, No. 22, Bordeaux, France, which is only a few miles from the dock. I can hear the old ships whistle every day. They've been sending the fellows out from here for some time, but somehow it's hard for me to believe I will be lucky enough to start soon.

I must close for this time. I'll write again soon.

Your loving son and brother,  
GEORGE O. REED, (No. 105,789.)  
Base Hospital No. 22, Bordeaux, France.

A Letter from J. N. Allgier.

Dear Sister Annie—I write you a few lines to let you know that I am well now and hope you folks are the same. I received your letter to-day, was very glad to hear from you all, and know that you are all well. I have been awful sick. I was in the hospital six weeks, but am well now and feeling fine.

There are sure some nice towns over here, and we are using some of their money. We try to talk to some of the girls over here but it is hard to understand them.

I wrote Pete a letter this morning; I

## Are You Open-Minded?

The average American  
is open-minded.

American business is conducted by true Americans of vision, open-minded men who believe in their country and strive to meet their country's needs. The men in the packing industry are no exception to the rule.

The business of Swift & Company has grown as the nation has progressed. Its affairs have been conducted honorably, efficiently, and economically, reducing the margin between the cost of live stock and the selling price of dressed meat, until today the profit is only a fraction of a cent a pound—too small to have any noticeable effect on prices.

The packing industry is a big, vital industry—one of the most important in the country. Do you understand it?

Swift & Company presents facts in the advertisements that appear in this paper. They are addressed to every open-minded person in the country.

The booklet of preceding chapters in this story of the packing industry, will be mailed on request to  
Swift & Company  
Union Stock Yards - Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company  
U. S. A.



I guess he thinks I was a long time answering his letter. I've only got one letter from him since I have been on this side of the pond. I wish Pete was with me. Elgin Blanton is not with me any more.

I guess you were all glad when you heard the war was over. I felt pretty good because it would be very cold in the trenches for us boys now.

I will close, wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

As ever, your brother,  
PVT. JOSEPH N. ALLGIER,  
Co. L, 350th Infantry, A. P. O. 705,  
A. E. F., November 24, 1918.

From Pete Allgier.

Dear Father and Mother—I got your letter yesterday, was very glad to hear from you all. I hope these few lines find you all well. I am getting along very well so far.

When did you folks hear from Joseph last?

I was surprised when you told me that Uncle Tony and Aunt Mary were down to see you all. I got a letter from Blanche and she told me what a time she had when she was down to see you. Also, told me about her friend that was with her; she said they hated to leave but had to go back to their work.

When I get back I can tell you folks lots about France. They have queer ways. The land lays in little lots, and they have rocks and dirt for fencing. They have very good soil over here. How many of my cattle did you

folks sell? Take good care of my stock. I think I will be home in a month or two. I am glad it is all over with. Don't worry about me, I am well.

I will close; hope to be with you all soon, so good-bye.

Your loving son,  
PRIVATE PETE ALLGIER,  
Co. D, 34th Infantry, 7th Division,  
U. S. Army, A. E. F., November 26,  
1918.

### Why That Lame Back?

That morning lameness—those sharp pains when bending or lifting, make work a burden and rest impossible. Don't be handicapped by a bad back—look to your kidneys. You will make no mistake by following this Flat River resident's example.

Mrs. R. A. Cunningham, Federal Hill, Flat River, Mo., says: "I was troubled with my kidneys for several years and finally could hardly get about. My back was weak and lame and pained constantly and my feet and limbs were so swollen I could hardly bear my weight. My kidneys didn't act right, either. Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills put my kidneys in good order. The swelling was reduced and I was relieved of the terrible backaches."

Price 60c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Cunningham had. Foster-McBarn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Strayed—A year-old-past Steer; red; white-faced. Marked with underbit and upper-bit in right ear, and split in left; with label, "P. A. Callison." Finder will please notify me.  
P. O. CALLISON.

### Wind and Trees.

The existence of tall plants and trees depends largely on the wind force. A tree with square trunk and branches would offer so much resistance to the wind that it would be continually having its branches snapped.

### Minister a Linguist.

Four languages were used last year in the preaching of Rev. Paul Burgess, Presbyterian missionary in the Quetzaltenango field of Guatemala, according to the Guatemala News. He spoke in Spanish, English, German and Cakchiquel.

### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
All Druggists, etc.  
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Fresh Beef—18 to 30 cents a lb.;  
Fresh Pork, country style, 25 cents a lb.  
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IRONTON, MO.

Practice in all the Courts of the State

### NANNIE WALKER

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS taken, Deeds of all kinds written, and other Legal Papers prepared. Copying on Type-writer solicited. Will be found at home, north of brick hotel, corner of Shepherd and Wayne streets,  
IRONTON, MO.

## Try It!

A medicine which has given satisfaction to its users for over 40 years, as Cardui has, must be a good medicine. If you suffer from female troubles, and need a reliable, strengthening tonic, of real medicinal value, as proven by the experience of thousands of women users,

TAKE

# Card-u-i

### The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. C. S. Budd, of Covina, Calif., in writing of her experience with Cardui, says: "I took a bottle at 13 years old, and it cured my headaches. I have taken it since marriage, and received much help from it. Cardui is the best medicine I ever took... It was the only medicine... that helped my back..." Try Cardui.

All Druggists

EB 13

### Executor's Notice.

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of John M. Stricklin, deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 23d day of December, 1918, by the Probate Court of Iron County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the Executor within six months after the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of the publication of this notice, they shall be forever barred.

This 23d day of December, 1918.  
MONROE JOHNSTON,  
Executor with will annexed.

Attest: O. W. ROOP,  
Judge of Probate.

Iron County, Mo., December 23, 1918.  
STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.  
COUNTY OF IRON, }

I hereby certify that Monroe Johnston was granted Letters Testamentary on the estate of John M. Stricklin, deceased, on the date above written.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set (SEAL) my hand and affixed the seal of said Court this 23d day of December, 1918.

O. W. ROOP, Judge of Probate, and ex-Officio Clerk.